SPORT ON LAND AND WATER

VOLUME III

RECOLLECTIONS
OF
FRANK GRAY GRISWOLD

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1917.

DURBAR II

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PRIVATELY PRINTED
1916

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To

The "Kittens"

ISAAC TOWNSEND
JOHN McL. NASH
ROBERT P. PERKINS
HENRY DeF. WEEKES
SHERMAN DAY
FORD HUNTINGTON
ARTHUR THOMSON
WILLIAM H. GOADBY
MILTON S. BARGER
LOUIS C. CLARK, JR.
E. TOWNSEND IRVIN
H. K. KNAPP

By a Fellow Member

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I

AN AMATEUR SPORTSMAN

AN AMATEUR IN SPORT IS A MAN WHO ENGAGES IN SPORT NOT AS A PROFESSION OR LIVELIHOOD, BUT SOLELY FOR THE PLEASURABLE COMPETITION AND HEALTHFUL INVIGORATION IT AFFORDS.

DURBAR II

DURBAR II

AFTER the passage of the Anti-betting Bill in 1910, which ended racing for a time in America, Mr. H. B. Duryea, being disheartened at the outlook for the American turf, decided to ship Irish Lad and a number of highly bred brood mares to France. Among these mares were Armenia, Ascot Belle, Ravello II, Monroe Doctrine, Census, Frizette, Spectatress, Content, and Running Water, and they were accompanied by the race mare Mediant. He established a stud farm called Le Gazon, at Neuvy, near Falaise, in Normandy, where he bred many winners, winning races in France, with Blarney, Shannon, The Irishman, Banshee, Bugler, Frizzle, Manthorpe, Ardee, Chippewa, Gavioter, Hickory, and others; but his greatest triumph was the winning of the English Derby in

1914, with Durbar II, also a horse of his own breeding.

This was not Mr. Duryea's debut on the English turf for he had won the Steward's cup at Goodwood in 1909, and the Champion Sprint Handicap at Hurst Park with Mediant. He also won the Two Thousand Guineas, the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and the Triennial Stakes at Ascot with Sweeper II in 1912.

Although bred in France, Durbar II has no French blood in his veins; for he is by Rabelais, an English horse that ran third to Rocksand in the Two Thousand Guineas in 1903 and later won the Goodwood Cup.

Rabelais, one of the most successful stallions in France, is by St. Simon out of Satirical, by Satiety out of Chaff by Wild Oats, out of Celerima by Stockwell. Satiety was by Isonomy out of Wifey, by Cremorne, so that his dam had plenty of Herod blood. Through St. Simon, Rabelais has the Voltigeur line through Galopin and Vedette.

MR. DURYEA AND IRISH LAD IN FRANCE

Durbar II's dam, Armenia, was bred by the Hon. W. C. Whitney, and is by Meddler, the winner of the Dewhurst Plate, who did not start as a three-year-old owing to the death of his owner Mr. "Abington." Meddler was sold to go to America where he did great service in the stud.

Meddler was by St. Gatien, out of Busybody by Petrarch. Her dam Spinaway, was by Macaroni, out of Queen Bertha, by Kingston. These three mares each won the Oaks, Queen Bertha and Spinaway winning for Lord Falmouth in 1863 and 1875 and Busybody for Mr. "Abington" in 1884.

The dam of Armenia was Urania, by Hanover out of Wanda, by Mortemer, out of Minnie Minor, by Lexington, out of Julie, by Glencoe, out of Sallie Ward, by John R. Grymes, out of Lisbon Maid, by Napoleon, out of Fannie Maria, by Pacolet. Here the pedigree is lost. This is one of the best of American racing families, but under the rules governing registration in

England, Durbar II and his get cannot be registered in the English Stud Book.

The grand dam Urania, was bred by Mr. J. E. Kitson, while Wanda was the best mare ever bred at Rancocas. Minnie Minor, her dam, was owned by Mr. Pierre Lorillard for many years, for whom she produced sixteen foals, the best of which was Wanda. Fannie Maria was a grey mare owned in 1825 by Jesse Cage of Gallatin, Tenn.

Durbar II was Armenia's third foal in France, the other two, Tiflis and Blarney, both won races, in fact Blarney was considered by some to be the best two-year-old of his year in France. He won in all 209,720 fcs.

Durbar II ran four times as a two-year-old, being placed but once, running third in the Prix Partisan. He was a far better colt than his record shows, as he unfortunately was amiss after his second race and never recovered his strength until he ran as a three-year-old.

As a three-year-old and prior to the Derby, Durbar II had won several races in France, but ten days before the Derby was run he was beaten in the French Two Thousand, by Listman and finished no better than sixth, as he was practically left at the post.

The talent in France thought it madness to send the horse to England after such a performance, but his owner knew better. He had watched the French Two Thousand at Longchamps with interest and had made up his mind that it had not been a truly run race for his horse had started badly and had not had a chance to make up the lost ground.

Knowing that racehorses sent to England often suffered from the change of climate, Mr. Duryea decided to take as little risk as possible and shipped Durbar II by special trains and boat, direct to Epsom, nine days before the race. Oats, hay, and water went with him, and everything was done to make the journey as rapid and

comfortable as possible; the result was the horse arrived fit and well at the post on Derby Day.

Durbar II though nominally trained by Thomas Murphy, an American trainer, was actually trained by Mr. Duryea, for it was his custom to superintend the training of all his racehorses. The horse was ridden by McGee the stables jockey in France, an American lad who had never ridden in England.

McGee arrived in London on Monday in Derby week and accompanied Mr. Duryea to Epsom to ride the horse in his final gallop for the race on the following Wednesday. Mr. Duryea walked over the Derby course with the jockey and showed him exactly how he wished the race ridden and instructed him to get off well but to keep a strong pull on the horse until he came to Tattenham Corner.

The Derby worth 6450 sovereigns was run on May 27, 1914. Durbar II drew position twenty-five. Just after rounding Tattenham Corner Durbar II deprived

Black Jester of the lead and secured the inside position on the rails, and when once fairly in the straight he took up the running and maintained his position to the finish in smooth, decisive fashion. He won handily by three lengths from Hapsburg with Peter the Hermit third.

Kennymore was favorite in the betting at 9 to 4 and Durbar II started at 20 to 1. Mr. Duryea is said to have won £40,000 on the race. The English critics described the winner as standing about 15.3. "A horse with a good loin and back and well coupled, with good bone and sound looking legs, he has beautiful action when extended and a fine free style of going which is most attractive to watch."

Durbar II strained a tendon in the Derby and was started in the Grand Prix de Paris against the advice of the veterinary. He finished third in this race but it ended his career on the turf.

DURBAR II'S RECORD

At 3 yrs. won

Prix St. Cloumer worth . . .	fcs.,	22,500
Prix St. Belâtre worth . . .	fcs.,	48,500
Prix Biennial worth	fcs.,	25,000
Prix Noailles worth	fcs.,	61,150
		157,150
Won the English Derby worth		161,250
	fcs.,	318,400

Ran third in Grand Prix de Paris.

LETTER FROM H. B. DURYEA

"THE FRIENDS THOU HAST, AND THEIR ADOPTION TRIED,
GRAPPLE THEM TO THY SOUL WITH HOOPS OF STEEL."

LETTER FROM H. B. DURYEA

La Morlaye, Rue de Senlis
June 6th, 1914.

Dear Frank:

I received your letter and thank you very much. In fact I was so touched by it that when my wife asked me who it was from I could not answer for a minute or two. The whole thing came out splendidly. I was perfectly confident that I could win if I got the horse over fit and well for the race for the Poule D'Essai was a farce and why they didn't see it will always remain a mystery to me, but they didn't. I thought I would win it and backed Durbar heavily for the Derby before the Poule D'Essai was run, for I knew if he won his odds would go to nothing. In fact I backed him from 30 to 1 down to 10 to 1. There were thirty lengths between the first

and second divisions in the Poule D'Essai before they had gone a furlong. Of course the whole thing worked my way. I got a special train on both sides and left here at six in the morning and arrived at Epsom at 4.20 the same day, took over Shannon with him and sent Murphy and all our boys. Took water in glass jars and our own oats and hay. He had far from the English Derby preparation. He was dead fit as he had been racing since March and my only fear was overdoing him.

McGee came over Sunday night to ride him in his final gallop and breakfasted with me at six and we went together to Epsom.

I put so much stress on an easy work that I really thought I had overdone it for when they came up the hill Shannon was six lengths in the lead and the horse had really done nothing. In fact he did so little that I thought of repeating him a half a mile but McGee said he went so well that I didn't. He was as fresh as a peach and could have made his three

lengths thirty. They were all stony dead at Tattenham Corner and he breezed home.

I won a fortune for me. It nearly killed them. They will never get over it, neither shall I. The King was very nice; so were my old friends.

I may win another Derby but it will never be like this. I am just cooling out now!

Thanks again.

Sincerely,

H. B. DURYEA.

THE TETRARCH

NOW IN THE FIFTEENTH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF TIBERIUS CAESAR, PONTIUS PILATE BEING GOVERNOR OF JUDEA, AND HEROD BEING TETRARCH OF GALILEE. — LUKE iii, 1.

THE TETRARCH

THE Tetrarch, the sensation of the two-year-old racing in England during the season of 1913, is by Roi Herode out of Vahren. He was bred by Mr. E. Kennedy in Ireland and was sold as a yearling to Mr. D. McCalmont for 1300 guineas. He was trained by H. Persse at Stockbridge and ridden by Donoghue.

He is of a colour rarely seen, being a dark grey with a slight inclination to roan, and on his quarters there are several large white spots.

He was a well grown, beautifully turned and exceedingly blood-like two-year-old with wonderful legs and great bone and his action was perfection.

He started seven times winning his races with the greatest ease, being blessed with a wonderful turn of speed.

He began his racing career on April 17 by winning a Maiden two-year-old Plate at Newmarket. He then won in succession the Woodcote, Coventry, National Breeders Produce, Rous Memorial, Champion Breeders Foal, and the Champagne Stakes.

He had only one other engagement for the year, — the Imperial Produce Stakes at Kempton Park, — but the colt hit himself and was retired to winter quarters, with an unbeaten record and the winner of seven races worth £11,336. He was made the winter favorite for the Derby at 3–1.

His wonderful speed was electrifying. In the Coventry Stakes at Ascot he literally came in alone, for he was at the winning post before his nearest opponent was over the crest of the hill which is eighty yards away.

He had one close race at Sandown, winning by a neck from Calandria, after being badly bumped at the start, and in this

THE TETRARCH

race he was giving away from 12 to 17 pounds.

As a three-year-old he was given a slow and careful preparation. Being a long striding colt they had hoped by a different method of shoeing to overcome his habit of overreaching but were unable to correct this fault. He hit himself early in May while at work and injured his fetlock joint and suspensary ligament and was scratched for the Derby on May 13. It was this accident that ended his racing career.

It is the breeding of The Tetrarch that is of paramount interest at the moment, for he is a tail male descendant of Herod through Thormanby and his son Atlantic, winner of the Two Thousand Guineas (1874) and afterwards through the French horses Le Sancy, Le Samaritain, and Roi Herode.

During the first half of the XIX Century stamina was thought to be the strong point in the Herod line in England but the

family has fallen from grace. Billow, who won the Ascot Stakes in 1890, was the last Herod of English blood to win a long distance race. Most of the greatest performers of the last half Century of English breeding have been descended from the Blacklock strain through Vedette, Galopin, St. Simon, and Speculum.

Herod, or King Herod, as he was known on the turf, was foaled in 1758 and was bred by the Duke of Cumberland and sold to Sir John Morse in whose hands he was a great performer on the turf. He had really more of the Darly Arabian blood in his veins than of the Byerly Turk.

He made his debut by beating the Duke of Ancaster's Roman over the Beacon course at Newmarket for £500. The course at the time was four miles, one furlong, and 177 yards.

In France the Herod family never fell to the depths it has reached in England, owing to the purchase of Atlantic, and many of the late representatives of this

blood have been stayers. Atlantic was the sire of Le Sancy, who in turn sired Le Samaritain and Le Justicier, both successful stallions.

The Herod line in America dates in the first place from the importation of Diomed who won the first Derby. He was twenty-two years old when shipped to America and was by Florizel, a son of Herod, and his blood runs through the best lines of American race horses. Diomed's best American son was Sir Archy the sire of Timoleon who bred the great racehorse Boston, foaled in 1833. Boston's sons Lexington and Lecompte were great horses and made much turf history.

This is not considered pure blood in England and France as both the dam of Timoleon and the dam of Lexington trace to unknown sources, yet the great French racehorse, Jongleur, who won the Cambridgeshire in 1877, was a descendant of Lexington through Optimist and Mars, and Durbar II who won the Derby in 1914 has

this blood through Hanover, his grandsire on the dam side.

In the second place the Herod strain in America was enriched by the fortunate importation of Glencoe. Glencoe was by Sultan, who was also the sire of Bay Middleton, and was inbred to the Herod line. He was a good racehorse, and won among other races the Two Thousand Guineas and Ascot Cup and ran third in the Derby. He passed most of his stud life in America and did an enormous amount of good to the turf of this country. His blood is to be found in most of our pedigrees. He left no male line in England but was the sire of the greatest of all brood mares, Pocohontas, who bred Stockwell, Rataplan, and King Tom in the space of three years.

Roi Herode, the sire of The Tetrarch, is English in blood for his grandsire Le Sancy was out of the Strathconan mare Gem of Gems, and Clementina, the dam of Le Samaritain his sire, was by Doncaster out of Clemance by Newminster.

GLENCOE

Roi Herode was a fair performer both in France and in England, but not a great horse. He ran second to Amadis in the Doncaster Cup and behind him were the good horses Dark Ronald, Lagos and Dean Swift.

Roi Herode has a staying strain through Thormanby the sire of Atlantic, also through Vedette through his maternal grandsire War Dance by Gaillard, and he by Galopin; and, moreover, Roxelane his dam was out of Rose of York by Speculum. Speculum was out of Rouge Rose by Thormanby, the dam of Bend Or and grandam on the sire's side of Ormonde, all staying blood.

The Tetrarch is inbred to Thormanby and has the blood also through his dam. He has no St. Simon blood but goes back to Galopin, the sire of St. Simon, through Gaillard the sire of War Dance.

The question is could The Tetrarch stay? This can never be decided for he did not train on. A two-year-old with such a

world of speed does not have to stay for he is galloping when his competitors are racing.

It would seem that The Tetrarch is bred to stay, for in addition to his sire's stout breeding his dam Vahren was by Bonavista by Bend Or out of Castania by Hagioscope. Bonavista was also the sire of Cylene.

What Roi Herode and The Tetrarch may do in the stud is a most interesting problem. The best of their get should have both speed and stamina and should revive the Herod strain which has been so neglected in England.

THE STEEPLECHASER

THE STEEPLECHASER

IT is almost as difficult to obtain a horse with the qualifications fit to win a Grand National as it is to find a Derby winner, for he not only must be fast and able to stay over a distance of ground under high weights, but must also be able to jump with the weight up.

Such a horse must be of "full size yet not leggy — strong yet not clumsy — high-couraged yet not intemperate." There is a great difference between carrying 160 lbs. over the flat and carrying the same weight over thirty or more fences, for a horse that can do this must not only have the best of shoulders but he must also have the power in his back and hindquarters to lift the weight from the ground when jumping.

Lottery, Gaylad, The General, and the Colonel, who won at Liverpool, were of

this type, but they were not quite thoroughbred.

In late years the pace of steeplechases has increased so much that thoroughbred horses only can compete with success.

When Lottery won the first race in 1839 he took 14 minutes, 53 seconds to negotiate the course of four miles. About ten years or so later this course was lengthened by 856 yards and the time given for Ascetic Silver's win in 1906 is 9 minutes, 34 seconds. Time in such a race depends greatly on the state of the going, yet there is no doubt that the class of horses running in chases has greatly improved.

Although studs have been started at times to breed chasers they have not had great success, for it has been found that only an occasional horse turns out to be a great horse over a country.

Mr. Lorillard attempted in the '80's to breed superior halfbred horses at Rancocas on the theory that as a rule halfbred mares were bred to inferior thoroughbred stal-

SIR THOMAS ASSHTON SMITH AND CLOISTER

lions, and that different results might be expected if the best of stallions were employed in this good cause. He abandoned the scheme after a few years as he accumulated too many young horses that he could not dispose of until they were four years old. He did breed one grand horse by Mortemer out of a three-quarter breed mare, for Retribution was very nearly a racehorse as well as the best ladies' hunter I ever saw jump the big timber fences of Long Island.

Steeplechasers do not seem to reproduce their kind for Count Schomburg is the only cross-country winner that I know of, that has proved a success in the stud.

In England it is believed that a chaser is at his best when from eight to ten years old, and they claim that if a horse is still sound at eight he can carry fourteen pounds more than he was able to when a five-year-old.

The three most celebrated winners of the Grand National were undoubtedly Jerry M, Cloister, and Manifesto.

Jerry M. was probably the most extraordinary horse of the three. In the first place he was a magnificent specimen. He had great size and substance and wonderful bone for a thoroughbred; was very active, had a great turn of speed, and was also a great performer over fences. He was probably a very difficult horse to train as he started but six times in three years and finished his career by turning roarer.

That he was fast he proved by winning the Grand Steeplechase de Paris for which a horse of lighter build is generally considered more suitable. He is the only horse that ever won the double event of the big races at Liverpool and Paris in the same year (1912). When he won the Grand National he carried the top weight 12 stone, 7 pounds (169 lbs.). He had a close race with a horse named Bloodstone who, although interfered with by a loose horse, landed first over the last fence but was beaten home by Jerry M.

Cloister and Manifesto both won at

MANIFESTO

Liverpool with the top weight of 12 stone, 7 pounds. In 1891 Cloister finished a good second to Come Away but it was hardly a fair test. He belonged to Lord Dudley at the time and the stable had proposed to win the race with Royal Meath, a grand looking horse by Ascetic. Royal Meath broke down, so they started Cloister who was not quite fit and was beaten by half a length. In 1893 he won the race by forty lengths carrying top weight. He was out in front most of the journey and won as he pleased, a wonderful performance. Eight months later he won the Sefton Steeplechase by twenty lengths with 13 stone, 3 pounds (175 lbs.) in the saddle.

Manifesto started eight times for the Grand National. In 1895 he ran fourth. He won in 1897 with 11 stone, 8 pounds, and again in 1899 with 12 stone, 7 pounds, and finished third in 1900, 1902, and 1903. He also won the Lancashire Steeplechase.

It would be difficult to decide which was the better horse. Manifesto started eight

times, won twice under heavy weights, finished third three times, ran fourth, carrying 12 stone, 10 pounds, and won the Lancashire Steeplechase.

Cloister finished second under top weight, then won most decisively under a like weight, and later won the Sefton with 175 lbs. up.

Jerry M. was second in one Grand National, and won another, carrying top weight each time, and then won the Grand Steeplechase de Paris.

They were three horses of a grand type, all able to win, with great weight up, and all were very high in the withers which seems to be a necessary conformation for a great weight carrier.

JERRY M.

TOM FIRR ON WHITELEGS

For twenty-seven years huntsman of the Quorn

II

A GOOD HUNTSMAN

A GOOD HUNTSMAN IS A MAN WHO THOUGH KEEN AND BOLD IS PATIENT WITH HORSE AND HOUND; WHO HAS HANDS OF SILK AND NERVES OF STEEL, WHO HAS THE PERSEVERANCE OF A HOUND AND THE CUNNING OF A FOX. HE IS AN EXPERT HORSEMAN, ONE WHOSE EYE FOR A COUNTRY PROMPTS HIM TO RIDE THE SHORTEST YET EASIEST LINE AND WHO IS ALWAYS WITH HOUNDS FOR THE PURPOSE OF HUNTING WITH THEM NOT FOR THEM, YET WHO NEVER GIVES UP THE HUNTED FOX WHILE THERE IS A CHANCE TO ACCOUNT FOR HIM.

PADDY NOLAN AND THE CONYNGHAM CUP

PADDY NOLAN AND THE CONYNGHAM CUP

I WAS stopping at Ballybeg in the County of Meath, one winter some years ago, enjoying the Irish hospitality of an old friend which consisted in a warm welcome, the best the land afforded in food and drink, and the run of the stables with my choice of what I wanted to ride. As I walked but ten stone my host was delighted to have me ride his heavy-weight hunters for, as he expressed it: "You must sit tight, my lad, or they will never know that you are there at all, at all." I remember one day the hounds met at Drumree and a big bay horse called Mr. Jorrocks was sent to the meet for me to ride. He was a safe conveyance across country, but that day the safety valve slipped, and we came to grief.

It had been a very wet season; the banks were waterlogged and the ditches choked with mud. In jumping a double, the top of the bank gave way, and Mr. Jorrocks and I turned a back somersault into the ditch on the near side. I luckily fell clear of the horse and although covered with mud from head to foot, was none the worse for the fall. Not so Mr. Jorrocks, for he was tightly wedged in the ditch and could not budge beyond much struggling on the soft bottom which only made matters worse. I climbed up on the bank to look for help and was delighted to see Paddy Nolan in his pink coat and followed by his terrier running to my assistance. Nolan was a character, and my host had told me his history. Twenty years before he had been a celebrated steeplechase rider, and when he became too heavy to ride races he had whipped hounds for several seasons, but increasing avoirdupois and Irish Whiskey had combined to finish his riding days, and he had become wrecker-in-chief to the

Meath Hunt — chief of the band of ne'er-do-wells who in Ireland pick up a precarious living by following the hunt on foot and performing odd jobs of service and rescue.

The whole countryside knew Paddy Nolan and Paddy knew the whole countryside. There was not a fox-earth in the country that he was not acquainted with nor a fox either. If he saw renard break covert he could tell by the wind where he was bound if not headed, and Paddy and his terrier would not be far behind the hounds when they accounted for their fox. He always wore an old last season's pink coat, a pair of cord breeches, and leather leggings and kept himself neat and smart-looking, that is, smart as wreckers go. If anyone came to grief Paddy was sure to be the first man to turn up and give a hand, and he knew every trick of the trade, and received many a ten shillings for his pains. As I said before he arrived to help me in the nick of time and grasped the situation

in a moment. He hailed two spalpeens who were passing along a boreen and sent them to the nearest farmhouse for spades and tackle, and then sat himself down on Mr. Jorrock's head to keep him from struggling. I picked a dry spot on the top of the bank and sat down to await developments. After lighting a cigar I remarked: "I hear, Paddy, you were once a great jock." "Jock is it," said he, "shure I had a look in in ivery race and for ivery cup in Ireland for years, and I will tell ye of me third ride for the Conyngham Cup. I was jockey at the toime for young Lord Blarney, who had a loikely string of steeplechasers the best of which was Rory O'More who ran three toimes for the cup and me that rode him ivery toime. The first race he fell at the stone wall, the second year he was just beaten by The Banshee, a moighty foine brown mare she was and fast with the weight off. Rory O'More was a grand up-standin' brown horse, a foine lepper, and a good one to carry weight.

The year I would be tellin' ye of we had sivin pounds the better of The Banshee and they made Rory O'More the choice in the bettin'. His Lordship thought the race as good as won, and bet his socks on Rory O'More, but, Captain, it is odds against any horse standin' up over the Punchestown course whin the goin' is deep loike and it had been rainin' all through the meetin'. I got well off and the old horse was carryin' me foine, but at the double I was jostled loike and the first thing I knew I was flat on me back a lookin' at the blue sky. Whin I got upon me feet onest agin and looked round me I saw the brown horse a standin' near with a double twist of the reins around one foreleg. A friend or two gave me a hand at clearing the entanglemints, one of thim gave me a leg up, and I started on a stern chase to save me stakes.

"Rory O'More was full of runnin' and flitted along over the turf like a swallow makin' up lost ground with ivery stride.

He surprised me with the aisy-loike way he was goin' and whin he lept me weight seemed as nothing to him. I passed one after another of the tail-enders and after a bit found meself in the thick of the foight well up with the field. There were two horses ahead of me, as we jumped the fince on the top of the hill and turned towards home. It was thin the real battle began. Shure 'twas hammer and tongs and the divil take the hindermost all the way down the stretch. We never pulled a rein over the last hurdle but jumped three abreast, and I just barely nosed thim out at the finish. The verdict was Rory O'More by a short head. I was that elated at havin' at last won the cup that I did not even hear the cheers they blessed me with whin I rode back to make me weight. His Lordship met us at the gate and led the old horse into the paddock. 'It was a foine race ye rode, Paddy,' says he, 'for whin ye fell at the double I thought it was all over with yez. I never thought

ye had a chance to make up the lost ground,' and, says he 'from my point of view this is a grand horse you're on!' I slipped off the horse's back and loosened the girths, his Lordship aholdin' of the horse by the head. Suddenly I was struck with consternation. 'Me Lord,' says I, 'we're dumbfounded and bate agin; begorrah from my point of view the old horse is a mare.' His Lordship let go of the horse's head, and stepped to wan side to get a better look at his horse. 'Bejasus, Paddy,' says he, ''tis The Banshee! What in the name of hivin have ye done?' I had won by a short head and I found too I had won by a short weight, for the scales gave me sivin pounds loight and they wanted to fine me £5 for ridin' The Banshee in the wrong colours. It seems whin I was knocked down and silly-loike at the double two horses fell over me, one of thim bein' The Banshee. John Kelly who had the leg up on the mare, lay sub-conscious loike in the ditch takin' no interest in the pro-

ceedin's. Me old horse had recovered himself quickly and made for the woods, so that whin I pulled myself together the sex question did not enter me moind. I mounted the only brown four-legged animal in sight and she proved a wrong 'un. Now, Captain, did ye iver know the loikes of that!" I had a good laugh and then gave the lads a hand as they began to dig out Mr. Jorrocks, who by this time was nearly suffocated by mud and water.

THE PHANTOM FOX

THE PHANTOM FOX

RIDING home from hunting one wet winter's evening I met Paddy Nolan plodding along, accompanied by his terrier, on his way to Dunshauglin where he lived in a little thatched cottage.

After he had greeted me with a "Good night to ye, Captain" I asked him what had become of the fox we had been hunting. "Shure that was the Phantom Fox," was his reply.

We had met in the morning at Dunshauglin, and after an uneventful day had drawn Poorhouse Gorse in the late afternoon. Hounds were no sooner in covert than the music of the pack gave notice that renard was at home and that sport was near at hand.

The hounds cheered on by Dale, the huntsman, soon had the fox moving, and

the "Tally ho! Away! Away!" of the first whip gave us notice that the varmint had gone away from the lower end of the Gorse.

There was a hurrying and a scurrying of the field, which was small in numbers for many had gone home early, disgusted with the lack of sport and bad weather. Now it was every man for himself, and every eye was keen to pick a good place as we charged the big grass-covered bank beyond the covert.

Hounds checked in the first field and spread out like an opened fan, old Warrior picked up the scent along the ditch on the far side of the enclosure and spoke to it, and the pack raced to him and with a crash of music sped along the edge of the ditch and out, into and across the boreen beyond.

I found no difficulty in getting into the lane for I was riding Mr. Jorrocks for my second horse and he was most clever at tobogganing half way down the steep bank before dropping on to the hard, flintlike sur-

face of the roadway, but the boreen was so narrow that I had to hunt for a way out. I quickly saw that the lane made a turn a short way to the right of where we had landed, and that it was wider at the bend; there I squeezed Mr. Jorrocks up the far bank and soon found myself in the field beyond with a dozen sportsmen, who had discovered an easier way to the left, galloping after the hounds that were streaming away with Dale, the huntsman, in their wake.

The cream of the Meath country was before us. As far as one could see were great pasture fields as green as in midsummer, for the grass does not turn brown in that genial moist climate. These smiling acres were divided by banks — some with a ditch toward you, others with a ditch on the far side, and many doubles with a ditch to jump on to the bank and another ditch on the off side. These ditches were many of them wide enough to engulf horse and rider if one were un-

fortunate enough to miss calculations, but as luck would have it my mount and I were on good terms that day and he did not put a foot wrong the whole journey.

There was a check in a field where there was a scampering flock of sheep. The hounds had overrun the scent, but Dale soon put them right and we raced on and I soon saw a barrier facing me which I recognized as the celebrated Gerardstown Double. My host had pointed it out to me one day as we were driving to the meet and had told me it was the most formidable fence in the country. I had asked, "Do they jump that?" His reply had been, "Not many try, and those that do generally remain a prey for the wreckers." This bank is wide enough for a coach and four to be driven along its top and has clumps of trees growing on it in places, and the two ditches are wide enough for one to sail in a boat in time of flood.

Mr. Jorrocks, being a "lepper" of renown, much above my weight, and a keen

and honest horse as well, jumped up against and on to the bank, took a stride on top, slid half way down the far side, and with a mighty thrust of his strong hind legs landed safely in the field beyond. The huntsman had jumped just ahead of me and had vanished completely out of sight. When I was on top of the bank I saw him sailing away after the hounds. I heard afterwards that there had been some grief and that one horse and rider had to be dug out of the near-side ditch, but that most of the field had jumped into the road rather than take the chances of being buried alive.

Hounds turned to the right and after a time I saw in the distance the stone wall that surrounds the Blarney Castle demesne. I knew this wall encircled the thousand-acre estate and that there was no gate on the side we were approaching, and wondered what would happen, for the wall is seven feet high. Hounds raced up to the wall, divided, and then worked back and

forth in a helpless, discouraged sort of manner.

Dale, the huntsman, slipped off his horse, loosened the girths, and remarked in a dejected way: "Gentlemen, the hunt is over, it is getting late, I will take hounds home." The whips rounded up and counted the hounds and the establishment started on its long jog to the kennels.

I was on my way home to my host's hospitable mansion and wondering where the fox had vanished to when, as I said, I met Paddy Nolan on the road and was informed that the fox we had been hunting was the Phantom Fox.

Paddy was walking beside my tired horse when I asked him: "Why Phantom Fox?" "I will tell ye, Captain" said he. "Two years ago come Christmas Day we drew the Poorhouse Gorse, found a fox that wint the very same journey ye took to-day, and disappeared in the very same manner and at the very same place. Lord Blarney was the Master at the toime and was much put

out at the way the varmint had treated him. Whin I came up and suggested that the fox had jumped the wall there was a merry twinkle in his lordship's eye, for he has a great sinse of humor, has his lordship.

"I remimber onest whin I was a jock ridin' a chase for him at Navan. Me mount was a mare called Vampire and we fell twice — onest at the wall and agin at the double. Whin I had collected me broken bones and had caught the mare we made our way to the paddock and were greeted by his lordship with, 'What detained ye, Paddy?' says he. 'Shure I was twice at the bat and twice I hit the ground with the small of me back,' says I. 'Shure it's poor cricket ye play, Paddy,' says he. Well — on the day of the hunt I would be tellin' ye of his lordship offered to bet me the price of a dhrink that no fox could jump the Blarney wall, for, says he, 'It is sivin foot three high if it is an inch.' That wall, Captain, was built by the tinints of his lordship's

grandfather at the toime of the great famine. The people of Ireland was starvin' to death and the old man loosened his purse and supplied the 'rocks' that bought food for thim as dug up the stones to build that wall. They must have been moighty hungry to build a wall loike that. Well — his lordship followed his remark by an offer of half-a-crown if I would foind the earth that harbored that hunted fox. I replied that, as the following day would be Sunday, I would get Mickey Nolan to give me a hand at the job after Mass. 'Is Mickey related to ye,' says he. 'Distantly,' says I. 'Shure, I be me mithir's first child — Mickey was the tinth.' His lordship laughed loike, for he has a sinse of humor, has he.

"Me and Mickey and the terrier hunted the whole country side that Sunday mornin' but nary a hole big enough to house a coney could we foind, and shure Mickey has the eyes and the habits of a ferrit. Several toimes that fox has run that same

line since thin and vanished at the same spot. Dale, the huntsman, gave him his name and believes there be something queer about that fox and that he be friendly with the Banshee, a sort of flyin'-fox loike.

"One day last winter hounds met at Trim. 'Twas a poor scenting day, and about four in the afternoon the Master told the huntsman to take the hounds home. I remember hearing Dale say he was one hound short as he turned into the road. I started across country, for it's miles shorter that way home from where we finished. I was skirtin' the Blarney property whin I heard the voice of a hound huntin'. I listened and found the hound was comin' my way so I climbed a small tree to get a bird's-eye-view of the situashun and saw old Warrior a huntin' back and forth along a ditch and a big red fox a sittin' on the top of the bank takin' great interest in the sport that Warrior was havin' by his lonesome.

"Whin Warrior reached the spot where the fox had lept up on to the bank he put his head up, saw the varmint, and let out a howl of deloight as much as to say — 'What a day we're havin'!' The fox jumped from the bank, cleared both ditch and hound, and came towards me with Warrior in full cry close to his brush. The fox made straight for the Blarney wall lookin' for all the wurld loike a Bengal tiger, and with a swish or two of his white tagged brush lept as clean as ye loike bang up on top of the wall and sat down contemplating old Warrior with a twinkle in his eye and a curl to his upper lip.

"The tally-ho I gave to celebrate the foinest lep I had iver seen must have been heard for miles. It stampeded the Phantom Fox for he disappeared in the twiloight and old Warrior followed me home to the kennels.

"Some foine wet day his foxship with his propellor clogged with mud will miss stays and his circus lep won't come off."

Before parting with Paddy at the door of the Dewdrop Inn I parted with the price of several "dhrinks."

After giving the gallant but weary Mr. Jorrocks a pail of gruel I continued my journey homewards with gratitude to the Phantom Fox for the fine sport he had given us and with the hope that he might live many a long day, for although the killing is a satisfaction to the huntsman and fair game to the hounds, it is the hunting of the fox that gives the most pleasure to the true sportsman.

III

FISHING

THERE IS A PLEASING RHYME WHICH TELLS OF AN ANGLER, AT THE END OF AN EVENTFUL DAY WHO:

"TOOK WITH HIGH ERECTED COMB
THE FISH, OR ELSE THE STORY HOME
AND COOKED IT."

SWORDFISHING IN THE PACIFIC

I ROAM THE SEAS TO FIGHT THE WHALE,
WITH SWORD I THRUST, I STRIKE WITH TAIL,
BUT WHEN I'M HOOKED I SOUND AND FIGHT
THE LUCKLESS FISHERMAN HALF THE NIGHT.

SWORDFISHING IN THE PACIFIC

THE swordfish (*Xiphias gladius*) of the Pacific is the same fish that is so well known in the Atlantic Ocean. Several thousand of these fish are captured every season during July and August along our coast from Block Island to Halifax, N. S.

The average weight of the swordfish shipped to the Boston market is about 360 pounds, and there is a legend among the fishermen that a fish was once brought in that weighed 750 pounds.

The U. S. Fisheries Commission have never been able to find out where these fish breed. No very small fish have ever been taken along our coast although the Commission did capture a 25 pounder on one occasion. It is known that the fish breed in the Mediterranean, but as they

appear there at the same season of the year that they do here this would hardly apply to our fish.

These fish are found in midsummer swimming leisurely along on top of the water apparently sunning themselves. The boatmen steal upon them in power-boats. A fisherman is poised on the bowsprit or bow of the boat supported by a so-called pulpit of iron, and when just over the fish harpoons him. The steel end of the harpoon is driven well home and to it is attached a long strong rope which is coiled in a tub so that it will run free. To the end of the rope a five gallon keg painted white is fastened. This keg usually bears its owner's or the boat's name.

The harpooned fish always go to windward, and it used to be quite an undertaking to follow them in the days when sailpower had to be depended on, but the motor-boat has made it easy work.

The swordfish soon tires after sounding deep a few times, and when the tired fish

comes to the surface he is lanced and hauled on board.

Great numbers of fish are taken in this manner every season. I heard of one boat that after a fourteen days' trip divided $5000 among a crew of five fishermen. The swordfish bring fifteen cents a pound in the Boston market and are excellent eating.

Swordfishing is not carried on as a profession in the Pacific nor is the fish to be found in the market, but swordfishing with a rod and reel has become a sport, and an arduous one, for the members of the Tuna Club at Avalon.

The first fish was taken in 1913 since which time eighteen fish have been brought in and weighed that averaged $298\frac{2}{5}$ pounds. The largest fish weighed 404 pounds but unfortunately was disqualified. The heaviest qualified fish weighed 362 pounds and the smallest 130 pounds.

Regulation Tuna Club tackle is used — a sixteen-ounce tip five feet or more long

and 1200 feet or more of 24-thread line. The leader is made of strong piano wire doubled. Two six-foot wires are strung from the hook to a one-inch ring and two wires of the same length join this ring to another one onto which the line is bent. The rings are for the glove-handed boatman to hold on to when he gaffs the fish. Some fishermen use a chain on the hook and a swivel in place of the middle ring but they are not quite trustworthy.

Mr. Boschen, the strongest and most skillful fisherman in the Tuna Club, has fished for swordfish daily from June 1st to October for three years. He has fought some forty odd fish and has landed but eight. He has battled with them for five, eight, and even eleven hours and half through the night. He tells me they really do not wake up until it grows dark. He fought one fish for eleven hours. The fish sounded forty-eight times and had to be pumped up and led the launch twenty-nine miles before he was lost owing to the

MR. JOHN V. ELIOT AND
SWORDFISH

5 hours and 7 minutes

steel hook having cut through the brass chain attached to it.

Mr. Boschen thinks they are the greatest fish that swim. They certainly are the most difficult to kill for they have a strength and vitality that are beyond belief. They fight as a heavyweight fighter boxes, for their every move is deliberate and well thought out. The marlin fights quickly and is all over the place; not so the swordfish. He moves as a rule slowly but with great strength and deliberation, yet he is known to be the fastest swimmer of the seas. Now and then, it is said, a crazy fish is hooked and acts quite differently.

The swordfish do not begin to fight until after the first or second hour when they seem to wake up, and a fish has been known to fight for an hour after he had the gaff in him and before he could be securely roped. Once you have a rope around the fish's tail he is safely captured but not until then.

There were seven swordfish brought in during the eighteen days that I was at Avalon and four of them had been foul-hooked. The 404 pound fish was hooked in the anal fin, the hook having passed from his mouth through his gills in some mysterious manner and fastened in the anal fin. The wire had cut through the gills and after a five hours' fight the fish had bled to death and sank. He had to be handed up as the rod could not lift the weight. It took three men forty minutes to bring him to the surface tail first. His tail was then roped and he was towed twelve miles to Avalon.

Two fish were brought in wrapped up in the wire leader which had caught the hook and held the fish as in a vise. In both cases the bait was still on the hook.

The swordfish when he sees the bait sinks and the first thing he does is to hit the bait a hard blow with his sword. He seems to do this at times from pure vicious-

ness, for he does not always take the bait after hitting it but moves off. He seems to be a poor batsman for he often becomes foul hooked by striking the wire instead of the bait; the wire enwraps his sword and in his struggles he becomes foul-hooked.

One fish had been hooked in the anal fin and the wire had been across his mouth which was badly lacerated. If foul-hooked in the body and not in the fins the hook usually pulls out as they are a tender-skinned fish.

It is very hard work, the hardest fishing undertaking that I ever indulged in, and I do not advise anyone to undertake it who is not young and strong and who does not weigh at least 180 pounds, yet there are moments in swordfishing that are intensely interesting even for a lightweight.

The Farnum brothers of moving picture fame, both strong men, fought a broadbill for eleven hours. One of them wore a harness made of webbing. The harness broke

and he not only lost the fish, but the rod, line, and reel as well, for the fish took them with him. One of the brothers succeeded later in capturing a fish much to every-one's satisfaction.

When I arrived at Santa Catalina Island I found that the kind secretary of the Tuna Club had engaged the 28-foot launch "Shorty" for me to fish in and told me that there were no marlin or tuna about, which was a great disappointment.

The boatman, "Shorty" by nickname, hailed originally from Harlem, and as we were both Gothamites we understood one another at once for we spoke the same language. The first mate was Pard, "Shorty's" dog. Pard is a skilled fisher-man and would always let us know when he saw a swordfish.

The Island of Santa Catalina is ever a joy to look at. Its bold beauty of outline and picturesque rocks, its sunny cañons which appear from time to time as you coast along its shores, and the fog-banks

SANTA CATALINA ISLAND

that overhang the mountains in the early mornings always impress one greatly.

If you climb the hills and look down on the sea the picture is wonderful. You can see miles of coast line and the extraordinary colour of the sea can be observed, varying as it does from the palest and most impalpable of greens immediately under the shore to a deeper emerald beyond, and then as far as the eye can reach it is blue, the incomparable deep blue of the warm Pacific Ocean.

We started out at 8 A.M. the first day after my arrival at Avalon. I told "Shorty" to keep in shore and to zigzag along, one mile off shore then back to the edge of the kelp, for I wanted a marlin and they are supposed to be found in shore. The fog overhung the island and I could not see where we were going nor did I pay much attention for it was a joy to be in a boat on a smooth sea after four days of railroad travel.

We had been fishing about two hours

when "Shorty" said: "Here is a broadbill and he is a buster; will you try him?" The local names for the swordfish are broadbill or flatbill to distinguish him from the marlin whose bill is round. I found that we were four miles off shore and that "Shorty" had been instructed to put me on to a big swordfish, and he did it with a vengeance.

I looked over my shoulder and saw the dorsal fin of a large fish moving slowly near by and his tail, which was partly above the surface, seemed to be at least six feet from the dorsal fin. He was moving through the water leaving no wake behind him such as a shark does, and making no use of his tail; this he is enabled to do owing to the great power of his pectoral fins.

The launch was slowed down. I had a flying-fish on the hook and let out 150 feet of line. The boatman now tried to manœuvre the boat in such a manner that the bait would swing in front of and near the

fish. This was difficult as the swordfish was turning the same way we were, seeming unwilling to cross our wake.

At last he saw the bait and as the fish sank the launch was stopped. He disappeared without a motion or the least flirt of the tail. The balance of these fish is perfection.

"Shorty" said: "He is now going down to give it the once over; turn everything loose and give him plenty of line." The line was jarred as the fish struck the bait a hard blow and then it began to run out slowly. I gave him about two hundred feet and when the line became taut struck hard.

I had hooked my first swordfish!

He made a run of about two hundred yards and then sounded about six hundred feet, stayed down a few moments and allowed himself to be pumped up. He then came up to the surface and thrashed about in a circle, sounded again, was pumped up again. He did this several times. Within the first hour I had the double line, which

was doubled back fifteen feet, on the reel three times and the wire leader was above the surface. We could see the fish plainly and "Shorty" said he would weigh over 500 pounds, but fish always look big under those circumstances and I was too busy to estimate weights. One thing I had discovered: he was too heavy for me, for in some of his sudden plunges he had nearly pulled me overboard. For the first time in my life I wished I weighed two hundred instead of one hundred and thirty pounds.

Suddenly the fish made a dive under the boat. I turned everything loose and shoved the rod six feet into the sea. The fish came to the surface on the other side of the boat as "Shorty" started the launch ahead and the line cleared.

This woke Señor Espada up and he raised Cain for two hours. He tried every fish trick known and jumped clear of the surface so that I could not help getting a good look at him. He was a very big fish; his sword looked five feet long to me, but

MR. HUGO R. JOHNSTONE AND
RECORD SWORDFISH

362 pounds — 2 hours, 45 minutes

everything in me had been stretched by this time, even my eyesight and imagination.

It had been a cold foggy morning. I had on two sweaters. First one then the other had been peeled off. Then my collar and my hat had been thrown aside. "Shorty" remarked about this time that if I kept on I would be naked before the fish was taken.

I fought the fish for all I was worth for four hours and twenty minutes, then brought him to the boat on his side. I had most of the double line on the reel and four feet of the leader out of the water. I called to "Shorty" to put the gaff into him. Just then the fish gave a last struggle and went under the boat and the line fouled on the upper end of the shoe that protects the propellor. The fish still on his side was under the boat in plain view but beyond the reach of the gaff and held by the fouled line.

I slacked my line to see if the boatman could clear it with the gaff. The bag of

the slack line drifted under the boat. "Shorty" caught it with the gaff and cut it with his knife, then cut the line on the rod side of the boat, knotted the two ends, and told me reel in. I reeled in twenty-five feet or so of loose line and found he had cut the fish loose for he had knotted the wrong end and had thrown the fish end overboard.

I thought much but said nothing!

I put my rod down with relief mingled with disgust and looked over the side of the boat at the swordfish. He slowly revived a little, struggled, pulled the end of the line free and sank.

I had been very tired at the end of the first hour but had my second wind and was going strong at the finish.

I was a pretty stiff fisherman the following day. All my old hunting and polo breaks and strains were in strong evidence. If there had been a trout stream on the island I would have gone trout fishing. Trout were about my size that day.

Trying to make the fish take the bait and the moments that passed after the fish faded away beneath the surface and until he was hooked were moments of great excitement, but the rest of the time had been too hard work to call it unadulterated pleasure.

There were members of the Tuna Club at Avalon who had fished for forty, yes, fifty days and had not persuaded a fish to take the bait, and I had hooked one before I had been fishing two hours. They called that good luck but I did not feel that way at the moment, yet I revived quickly.

A few days later I hooked another large fish, pumped and hauled him for three hours, and broke my rod at the butt. The boatman spliced the rod while I held the tired fish with the tip. I then brought the fish alongside in twenty minutes more quite ready to gaff. The boatman had the leader in one hand and the gaff in the other when the leader caught between the brass cap of the exhaust, which was not screwed

home, and the side of the boat. The hook straightened out and the fish sank. The hook had been in the corner of his hard mouth.

Swordfish were very plentiful this summer for the first time. I counted and fished for nine one morning not five miles from Avalon. Some days they seem very shy and will not look at any bait. It is the custom to try a barracouta for bait if they refuse the flying-fish, and if they do not take that an albacore may entice them. They have been known to take an albacore weighing twenty-four pounds.

After ten days' fishing for broadbills I left for Clemente, to look for marlin, where I remained three days and on my return had five more days with the swordfish.

The sea was like glass most mornings so that the fish could be seen at a great distance.

In the last five days I tried about twenty-five broadbills but only hooked one. The others would either cut the bait off the

MR. J. S. DOUGLAS' SWORDFISH

404 pounds

hook or else pay no attention to it but swim off and come to the surface one hundred yards or more away, where we would follow and try again. We often wasted two hours after one fish in this manner. If the fish are not hungry this treatment seems to bore them for they will jump out clumsily four or five times.

I played the third fish four hours and forty minutes, "Shorty" taking the rod for a short time to allow him to feel the weight of the fish. When the fish seemed to be leading nicely the hook pulled out. I am sure he was foul-hooked in his thin-skinned body for I could feel the hook slip from time to time. After the first hour he jumped at least ten feet into the air showing plainly his broad back, which looked as wide as the bottom of a canoe. He then ran out six hundred feet of line and fought on the surface. This amused the dog, Pard, greatly.

It is difficult to persuade a broadbill to bite and still more difficult to hook him,

and if he is a big one, still more difficult to do anything with him after he is hooked.

He is a much more interesting fish to fight than the large tuna for he is a better general and no two fish seem to fight alike. There is a sameness about tuna fishing that does not exist in swordfishing.

It would be quite impossible to kill these fish without the modern reel with its heavy drag; thumb pressure alone could not do it, the fish are too strong.

This fishing was a lesson to me in what fishing tackle will stand. I did not think it possible that a split bamboo rod and a 24-thread line could stand such a strain.

The rod I broke had just come from the shop after having a new ferrule fitted on the tip. The workman must have damaged the outer skin of the bamboo for the rod broke gradually.

It was hard work but a great experience, for one learns something every day one fishes, no matter how many days or how many years one devotes to the sport.

THE MARLIN OR SPEARFISH

"WITH HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN AND HIS FINS ALL SPREAD,
WALKING ON HIS TAIL AND STANDING ON HIS HEAD,
SPEARFISH OR SWORDFISH, CALL HIM WHAT YOU WILL,
HE'S THE VERY KING OF THE FIGHTING DEVILS STILL."

THE MARLIN OR SPEARFISH

(*Tetrapturis mitsukurii*)

I JOURNEYED from Maine to Santa Catalina Island, California, at the end of August to attempt to take a marlin. This fish is the jumping-jack of the Pacific ocean, and I had heard so much of his acrobatic performances that I decided that no journey would be too long if I could but capture one.

The marlin is sometimes called the Japanese swordfish, which is a misnomer, for his so-called sword is a spear shaped like a marlin-spike, hence the name, marlin. He is a true spearfish and is to be found in the warm waters of the Pacific ocean.

He appears, as a rule, off the island of San Clemente in early September, coming from the south. San Clemente is twenty miles due south of Santa Catalina Island.

Some years these fish have been very numerous off the latter island during the second half of the month of September, but I was disappointed when told on my arrival at the Tuna Club that but one fish had so far been taken during the summer. Others had been reported but they were few and far between.

As the members of the club were all fishing for swordfish (*Xiphias gladius*) I had to follow suit, for no tuna were reported.

We roamed the ocean and "Shorty," my boatman, and Pard, his dog, looked for swordfish. I kept a line wet most of the time, hoping for a stray marlin.

After ten days' swordfishing I heard that the marlin were reported as being plentiful off the island of San Clemente and decided, Mohammed-like, to go to the mountain.

What makes the waters around the Channel Islands ideal for fishing is the fact that on nine out of ten mornings during the summer months you will find the ocean as smooth as glass. About noon the westerly

THE CAMP AT SAN CLEMENTE

trades begin to blow. Sometimes it is a gentle wind but often it blows hard and the sea becomes too rough for comfortable fishing after two o'clock.

We made an early start from Avalon in order to take advantage of a smooth sea, coasted along lovely Santa Catalina, cleared the island, and steered due south for the camp at San Clemente.

It was not long before the fog which overhangs the islands in the early mornings lifted so that we could see San Clemente in the distance.

San Clemente is evidently the overflow of a great volcano and is a mountain of rock and lava rising from the sea. It is studded with caverns and caves, not only along the coast line but beneath it and up its cañon-riven sides.

The flora consists of arborvitae, ironwood, cactus, and ice-plants, and wild oats grow on the tableland.

The island belongs to the United States government and is leased as a sheep-ranch.

It supports some fifteen thousand sheep and wild goats which feast upon the wild oats and use the caves for shelters. The only inhabitants are the sheep herders and Pete Schneider, a Belgian, who runs the camp at Mosquito Harbour where we were bound.

We reached the island about four hours after leaving Avalon, having seen but little sea-life on the way — only a few sunfish jumping here and there and a school or two of porpoises.

We found the camp a very simple one but clean and the food very good. We slept under canvas, washed and shaved out of doors, and took our meals in a wooden shack.

The island is about eighteen miles long and has great majestic beauty of outline. The waters that surround it have been celebrated for fishing. Tuna, yellowtail, white sea-bass, black sea-bass, and marlin are to be found in plenty at the right seasons.

MARLIN WHEN FIRST HOOKED

THE END OF A JUMP

We found but one party fishing there and they arrived home at suppertime empty handed.

I told "Shorty" to find out from their boatman where the marlin were trading, for several fish had been taken during the week. The jealous boatman gave "Shorty" the wrong advice by telling him the fish were to be found in shore.

We started the following morning bright and early and zigzagged the whole length of the island but found only one fish lazily sunning himself on the surface. Try as we would we could not persuade him to look at any bait.

We trolled for ten weary hours. I say weary hours for it is a strain to troll a flying-fish bait weighing a pound at the end of one hundred or more feet of line held by thumb pressure only, for one must be ready to give line if one has a strike as the fish pick up the bait and move off before gorging it. That is the theory but not my experience, for the following day

I trolled with only seventy-five feet of line and struck the fish when he struck me.

That night a kind sportsman told me that we had been on the wrong track, that the fish were off shore at the eastern end of the island. It seems the kelp-cutter from the potash factory at San Diego had been cutting the kelp, some of which had floated off shore and harboured much bait, and the marlin were feeding on this small fry.

We were off at seven the following morning and rounded Eastern Point where the sea was breaking on the reef in great circles of white foam.

We trolled around the point, into and around Smugglers' Cove, a celebrated fishing ground, and then made a bee line off shore. About six miles out we found acres of floating kelp with myriads of small fish jumping about, evidently being pursued.

It was not long before we lost the teaser. A teaser is a flying-fish attached by twenty-five feet of line to a fifteen-foot bamboo

MARLIN STANDING ON HIS TAIL

TRYING TO SHAKE HOOK LOOSE

pole. No hook is used. This flying-fish skitters along on top of the water and acts as chum. My bait was fifty feet further astern.

I soon had a strike and hooked a marlin. He jumped half out of water and tried to shake the hook loose but I had driven it well home. He then performed a stunt that was beyond all my fishing experience. We were following the fish at full speed at the time and the reel brake was on, but this strong and lively fish jumped twenty-two times in a straight line tearing the line off the bending rod as he went. He then sounded and jumped again, fought on top of the water, swam in circles, and performed every kind of piscatorial acrobatics known. He jumped twenty-nine times and in forty-five minutes I had him alongside stone dead. My first marlin! I was warm with excitement and pleasure, for my journey of thirty-five hundred miles had now been well worth while.

"Shorty" shook me by the hand and

suggested that we land a few more, which we proceeded to do after stowing our fish on board.

I soon had another strike and hooked the fish. This one proved to be a perfect dancing-master, for after showing his beak and shaking his head he made a run of about one hundred feet, then rose up out of the sea and did a song and dance on the end of his tail for fully one hundred yards. We were following him at full speed but he was simply stripping the line from off the reel. Then he disappeared below the surface and "Shorty" said: "You have lost him." The line was slack and I was reeling in as fast as I could when suddenly I saw the spearfish on top of the water, charging down upon us, while following him was the bag of the slack line cutting the spindrift off of the tops of the white-crested waves. He was coming at great speed. I yelled: "Port your helm, 'Shorty,'" and as the boat turned the fish shot by on the surface close under the stern.

MARLIN JUMPING

Would he have gone through or under the boat had we not altered our course? I wonder.

As the line became taut the fish jumped clear of the surface. He jumped in all twenty-two times and in thirty-five minutes came alongside belly up, when it was found that he was hooked in the tail.

The fish was beautiful to look at. The greater part of his body was bright silver and he was striped with translucent royal purple stripes an inch wide. His back was dark green bronze and his tail and fins were mauve.

When in the water he is a blaze of glory but the colours soon fade after the dead fish is exposed to the air. A mounted marlin gives one an idea of the graceful shape of the fish but no idea of his real beauty of colour.

It took us some time to hoist the dead fish on board, for although a fish only weighs in the water the number of pounds that the water he displaces would weigh,

any part of the fish that is above the surface is of course dead weight.

The first fish had been laid across the stern of the boat; that was easy, but this fish had to be roped on to the narrow deck on the port side.

His weight at the moment was over two hundred pounds and the combined weight of fisherman and boatman was only two hundred and sixty pounds. "Shorty" fastened the peak halliard block to the bill of the marlin while I roped his tail. Then the fish was hoisted half out of the water but I did not have strength enough to lift the other half on board. I told "Shorty" to gaff the fish in or near the anal fin and give me a hand, get the fish on board, and lower away.

Now a funny thing happened. It was rough and we were rolling about in the trough of the sea. As "Shorty" attempted to drive the gaff home the end of the bamboo teaser pole, which had been carelessly thrown on top of the deck house and was

ONE HUNDRED YARDS ON END OF TAIL

foul of the mast, caught "Shorty" in the back as the boat rolled and catapulted him into the sea. He climbed back on board a very wet and surprised sailorman for he did not know what had hit him.

We soon found the floating kelp and the jumping small fry and had not been trolling more than a quarter of an hour before we ran into a school of marlin. Four or five rushed after the teaser and pulled the pole overboard. It went bobbing away astern, first disappearing entirely, then shooting straight up on end. This happened several times in a most comical manner before the fish disconnected the flying-fish from the line to which it was made fast.

A moment later a marlin took my bait, I hooked him, and the music began again. The fish emerged with beak open and shook himself, then rushed on top of the water for one hundred yards and jumped clear of the surface. He then pirouetted once or twice on the end of his tail and

jumped again. After jumping sixteen times in twenty minutes he sounded and fought more like a true swordfish than a marlin. He was a tough customer to handle and it took me eighty minutes to land him.

I looked at my watch as he was gaffed and found it was just three hours and a half from the time of the strike of the first fish!

"Shorty" remarked: "Some fishing, eh? Let's corral another."

I insisted on having lunch first, which we devoured while the launch with her six hundred pounds of fish on deck tried hard to roll over.

A heavy sea was running. It had been all I could do while playing the last fish to keep from going overboard. Had it not been for my patent rod rest which held my rod steady and gave me something to hold on to, I should have been in the sea and like "Shorty" arrayed in an Isadora Duncan bathing suit.

It was too rough to fish so we started

THREE AND ONE HALF HOURS' FISHING
AT SAN CLEMENTE

back to camp. We had not gone far before "Shorty" saw a swordfish, a true broadbill. He slowed the launch down and wanted me to try him. I told him to give the fish a wide berth and go full steam ahead. I wanted no five-hour fight with a broadbill in that rough sea after the three hours and a half of calisthenics that I had been through. In fact I had had enough fishing for one day. How seldom that happens!

On our way back to the camp we ran into a large school of marlin. The crest of every big wave was pierced by their large dorsal fins as they rode on the top of the heavy swells. I never saw such a fish picture before and it was heartrending to think that it was too rough to fish with safety. We had a teaser pole out, which was torn loose. The fish seemed ready to devour everything in sight.

It was too rough to go back to Avalon that night so we remained at the camp.

We got even with the jealous boatman.

His face was a study when he saw our three fish. He had been too faint-hearted to face the rough sea off shore, and there were no fish that day under the lee of the island, so his party had a blank day.

The wind was strong from the northwest and as our course was due north we had a rough trip of over five hours and a half the following day and arrived at Avalon with everything on board afloat.

The fish were weighed on the Tuna Club scales thirty hours after they had been taken and tipped the beam at 189, 186, and 183 pounds. These fish seem all to be of about the same length, from ten to eleven feet, their weight depending on their girth.

Marlin are the most sensational fish that swim. Their pace and agility, the way they walk the tight rope on the end of their tails, and their power to jump have to be seen to be believed.

I am told that the heavy fish — record 340 pounds — do not jump much and are hard to kill.

OSPREY NEST SAN CLEMENTE

A friend of mine saw a marlin in the fish market at Honolulu that weighed 725 pounds, and it is said that fish exist that weigh one thousand pounds or more.

The tackle allowed by the rules of the Tuna Club is a rod of wood consisting of a butt and tip not to be shorter than six feet nine inches over all; the tip not less than five feet in length and to weigh not more than sixteen ounces; line not to exceed standard 24 thread. The hooks used are the regulation tarpon trolling-hooks. The wire leader is twelve feet long and the bait a flying-fish. I fished with 1000 feet of line but most fishermen carry from 1200 to 1500 feet.

RECORD

The first marlin, weighing 125 pounds, was taken in 1903. There was another taken in 1905 and again in 1908.

9 were taken in 1909
9 were taken in 1910
9 were taken in 1910

34 were taken in 1911
100 were taken in 1912
22 were taken in 1913
24 were taken in 1914
47 were taken in 1915
70 were taken in 1916
327 fish

The largest fish weighed 340 pounds.

THE END

FISHING WITH KITE AND SLED

"ALL THAT ARE LOVERS OF VIRTUE, . . . BE QUIET AND GO A-ANGLING."

Walton

FISHING WITH KITE AND SLED

NO one has ever been able to decide what causes fish to change their habits yet every fisherman has theories on the subject.

When I first visited Catalina Island in 1900 the tuna were very plentiful and could be taken by simply trolling a hundred feet of line behind a launch, with a flying-fish for bait.

I captured five in six hours, averaging one hundred pounds in weight, and landed thirteen fish in fifteen days' fishing within five miles of Avalon.

On my second visit in 1910 it was impossible to persuade a tuna to take unless the bait was skittered in front of his nose and the fish persuaded that the flying-fish was alive. Why this change?

Some of the fishermen maintained that the tuna had become educated and there-

fore more difficult to deceive. They are a migratory fish and it is hardly probable that the same schools return as a rule to the waters of the Channel Islands, especially as the fish have the habit of disappearing entirely for years at a time.

The fact remains that the schools of fish would vanish if approached by a boat and would not follow the wake of a launch under any circumstances.

Skittering a one-pound bait with a rod is hard work, so kite fishing was invented at Avalon for this purpose and proved to be a great success, and it has become the belief that no one can take a tuna these days by any other means.

The kite used is a simple 28 inch or larger boy's kite made preferably of silk with the usual ragtail to which are added a few wine bottle corks to make the kite float should it fall into the sea.

The kite is allowed about seven hundred feet of old fishing line from off a reel, and then the fisherman's line is tied to the kite

line about twenty feet from the bait with a piece of cotton twine. The kite is then given more line in order to place the bait at the proper distance from the launch.

The launch then travels across the wind or tacks down wind, the boatman adjusting the speed and direction so as to make the flying-fish bait skitter along the surface and jump from wave to wave, which action the fisherman can aid with his rod.

The boatman manœuvres the boat so that the bait passes ahead of the school of fish or through the school if so inclined. The bait being well to leeward the fish are not disturbed or frightened by the launch.

When a tuna takes the bait the cotton line breaks and the kite is reeled in or falls into the sea according to the direction in which the hooked fish travels.

Many fish have been captured by this means which could not otherwise be persuaded to take.

Some of the boatmen at Avalon have become artists in kite fishing for it is not

as simple as it reads, as the kite must fly steadily and the bait be kept moving in a natural manner, for although it is easy to fool some fish sometimes it is not easy to fool all the fish all the time.

For a kite to fly, there must be wind and wind of the proper weight. It must not blow too light nor too heavy, for in the latter case it is difficult to keep the bait on the surface of the water.

In order to find a substitute for the kite the wise men of the Tuna Club put their heads together and invented or adapted sled fishing. I say adapted, for poachers in Great Britain have for years used a sled in some fast running streams in order to place a shrimp or bunch of worms in mid-stream so as to steal other people's salmon and trout.

The sled used at Catalina is a roughly made boy's sled about three feet long with solid runners well tipped up in front. The top of the sled instead of being solid has two crossboards about six inches wide and

FISHING WITH A KITE

six inches apart screwed on to the runners at a slight slant so that the sled will not bury but will ride the waves. A strong eyebolt is screwed through each top board and down into the nigh runner and these are joined by a light but strong rope.

To this rope one hundred or more feet of light cotton rope is attached at about one third of the length of the sled from the fore end of the runner. For instance, in a three foot sled it would be made fast one foot from the fore end. The baited line is tied as in kite fishing at whatever distance you may choose from the sled. The leading line is then payed out eighty or one hundred feet and made fast to the mast, the higher up the better to keep the belly of the line from dragging in the water.

The launch is then started at a good pace and as soon as the leading line becomes taut the sled races along abreast of the boat in gallant style and the bait skitters and bounds from wave to wave.

When a fish strikes, your line pulls free

but the impetus of the sled is such that the fish seldom escapes being hooked.

The sled does not frighten the fish in the least. Marlin have been known to follow and strike it and yellowtail to chase in hot pursuit.

By this method the boatman can place the bait wherever it is wanted.

In yellowtail fishing the bait can be trolled along the edge of the kelp, which the yellowtail frequent, and this cannot be done by ordinary means as the kelp fouls the propellor of the launch.

These methods of fishing are full of movement and are most amusing as well as successful ways of taking both tuna and yellowtail.

FISHING WITH A SLED

PARD

"THIS DISH OF MEAT IS TOO GOOD FOR ANY BUT ANGLERS, OR VERY HONEST MEN."

Walton

PARD

NOT much is known of Pard's pedigree except the fact that his mother was a bull-bitch and that he was brought as a puppy to Avalon and believed to be a clean bred bull-pup. But when his owner saw him grow up a nondescript he abandoned him and the dog became "Shorty's" Pard.

If I can trust my eyes his father was a foxhound and a good one, for few dogs have a better nose than Pard. "Shorty's" little nephew says: "Uncle 'Shorty's' feet must smell strong and pleasant-like for Pard can find him anywhere."

The dog must have a Teutonic ancestor somewhere for his favorite food is Bologna sausage. If you give him a nickel he will trot off with it to the butcher's and return with a paper parcel for you to open containing five cents' worth of Bologna.

In the summertime Avalon is crowded

and everyone knows Pard and the butcher does a thriving trade in Bologna, yet he tells me Pard is his only customer as the island is strongly pro-Ally. When Pard is not hungry he collects nickels all the same and deposits them in "Shorty's" locker on the wharf.

I never saw him refuse money on shore but nothing can persuade him to look at a coin when on board the launch.

One morning as I was going to breakfast at Joe's Restaurant I met the dog and gave him his usual nickel and was surprised to see him follow me into the restaurant and slip into the kitchen with the first waiter who passed through the swinging doors. In a few moments he reappeared with a mutton bone which he had purchased from the cook. It was Sunday morning and, without going to look, Pard knew the butcher's shop was closed!

"Shorty" is a public fisherman. In summer he takes sportsmen fishing and in winter he fishes for the market. On all these

PARD RECEIVING A NICKEL

trips Pard acts as first mate, and there is little that he does not know about fish and fishing.

"Shorty" tells me that in the winter he has an alarm-clock to call him at four o'clock in the morning but that Pard seldom fails to paw his arm a few moments before the alarm sounds.

He has never been known to forget his good manners on board the boat though stormbound for forty-eight hours, and he will not drink a drop of water even in the warmest weather until he reaches land. Pard reasons as well as thinks.

Pard has but two dislikes; one is wasps, the other bull-dogs. He snarls and snaps at the former and pounces upon the latter. He knows he is the son of a bull-bitch but evidently does not like to be reminded of the fact.

Last winter Avalon was partly destroyed by fire, and the moving picture people in Los Angeles saw a great opportunity to stage a scene for "Civilization" called

"After the Battle." "Shorty" represented a dead French soldier being watched over by his faithful dog. The widow appears searching for her dead husband. She sees their dog and falls fainting upon her dead spouse. Pard objected to this and the battle began again. The dead French soldier was obliged to sit up and stop the fight. The film was a failure.

Pard can see a swordfish at a great distance, and whenever I was hooked to one would sit up beside me and attempt to tell me how to fight the fish and became greatly excited when the fish jumped. When a fish was gaffed he played the "Chocolat act" by rushing about all over the boat attempting to do nothing.

For intelligence and common sense Pard has few equals among canines. He is almost human.

PARD RETURNS FROM THE BUTCHER'S

IV

THE HYPHENATED "AMERICA"

THE HYPHENATED "AMERICA"

THE yacht "America" was hyphenated for some years, for although the gilded American eagle, which now hangs on the wall at the New York Yacht Club, still graced her stern, the cross of St. George was proudly flying at the end of her main gaff.

She had passed into English hands.

When in August, 1851, Commodore Stevens found that, as her superiority was so apparent, it was impossible to arrange any more races for the "America," he accepted an offer of £5000 for her, and she became the property of Lord de Blaquière.

The new owner, not satisfied with the vessel as he found her, stiffened her with iron braces, cut five feet off her spars, and changed her rig, in this manner altering her trim and damaging her speed, for she was beaten in the summer of 1852 by both

the "Arrow" and the "Mosquito," two very able cutters of renown.

They had been building very smart schooners for some years in Sweden, and the Swedes had followed the career of the "America" with great interest. In the winter of 1851–2 they built a schooner some 72 tons larger than the "America," adopting and exaggerating many of the latter's characteristics, and produced the yacht "Sverige" of 280 tons British registry, with which they challenged the "America" to sail a match for £100.

The race was sailed from Ryde Pier to a mark 20 miles to leeward of the Nab light and return. The "Sverige," owing to her larger spread of canvas, arrived at the outer mark 8 minutes, 26 seconds, ahead of the "America," but in turning to windward on the journey home carried away the jaws of her main gaff and seems to have been lost in the fog off the Nab, for the "America" won the race by 26 minutes.

After this performance Lord de Bla-

quière was unable to find another competitor although he challenged the world. He cruised in the Mediterranean, and the "America" proved to be very seaworthy for she rode out a four days' gale in the Bay of Lyons.

Lord Templeton became the next owner of the "America" and, after sailing her one season, laid her up at Cowes in 1854 where she remained until 1859. In that year she was hauled out at Pitcher's yard at Northfleet, near Gravesend, and it was found that she was going to pieces owing to lack of care. Lord Templeton believed that she was beyond repair and sold her for a mere song to Pitcher who rebuilt her completely at his leisure. The work must have been well done and the materials used of the best quality for she does not seem to have been rebuilt again until in 1880 in Boston.

It was at this time — 1859 — that the golden eagle that ornamented her stern was removed and sold to a publican at

Ryde where it served as the sign of the Eagle Hotel until 1912 when it was acquired by the Royal Yacht Squadron who presented it to the New York Yacht Club.

The "America" was purchased in 1860 by Mr. H. C. Decie who changed her name to "Camilla," raced her in English waters, and cruised in her in the West Indies.

The next time we hear of the yacht she is at Savannah, but it is not known by whom she was owned. Her name had been changed again, for she had become a blockade runner under the name of "Memphis" and mounted one gun. She did great service in this capacity for some months, for she could sail faster than most of the blockading fleet could steam. On one occasion, it is said, she was chased by U. S. S. "Wabash" but escaped.

When the "Ottawa" was on her way up the St. John's River in April, 1862, for the purpose of attacking Jacksonville, she saw the spars of a sunken schooner which, on investigation, proved to be the blockade

runner, "Memphis." She was raised and turned over to the government for the use of the midshipmen at Annapolis. Her name "America" was restored, and she became the pride of the Academy and was manned by midshipmen, who kept her spick and span and cruised in her for years. She was re-rigged and raced by the Navy Department at the time of the first defence of the cup in 1871.

After the cup races that year she was sold at auction to General Benjamin F. Butler for $5000. He cruised on her in the West Indies and sailed her in two matches, beating both the "Resolute" and the "Alarm."

In 1880 she was rebuilt and modernized by Edward Burgess, the most talented yacht designer of the day, and although her rig was changed and she was given more canvas, she was no match for the modern schooners "Gitana," "Fortuna," and "Mohican." She was raced for the last time in 1885.

The career of the "America" has been an extraordinary one, for she revolutionized the art of yacht designing in Europe and taught many lessons as to rigging and sails. She has sailed under three different flags, and under three different names, and proved that, besides being the fastest sailer of her day, she was equally efficient as a cruiser, for she has weathered many a storm.

It is sixty-five years since she was launched, but she is still afloat and Mr. Butler Ames of Boston is her proud owner and refuses to part with her.

The cup which she won in England in 1851 is known as the "America's Cup" and has become an international challenge cup and the most valued of all yachting trophies.

JACK LONG, THE BOATSWAIN

JACK LONG, THE BOATSWAIN

ALTHOUGH the average American youth is well grounded in what happened during the American Revolution, he seems to know but little of what took place during the War of 1812. It was a small war, according to the present standard, yet it is well worth studying, for we are today comparatively just as unprepared against attack as we were one hundred years ago when England landed troops in the Chesapeake and with little difficulty succeeded in occupying Washington. She destroyed the Navy Yard, the unfinished Capitol, which contained the Library of Congress, and burned the President's house, the Treasury, and much private property.

What makes it especially interesting at the present time is the fact that the war was chiefly caused by England's assumed right of search on the high seas.

Her impositions began as far back as 1798, for in that year the U. S. S. "Baltimore" was overhauled by a British squadron and five Americans were impressed from the crew.

We had our fill of troubles at the time for we were engaged in a sort of war with France, and shortly afterwards had a quarrel with Tripoli as well.

In 1807 the "Chesapeake," while cruising off the shore of Maryland with a green crew on board, was fired upon by the British ship "Leopard" and so badly damaged that she had to haul down her flag. Four American born seamen were taken out of the crew and sent on board the Englishman, for it was claimed that the sailors were deserters from the English navy.

The indignation of the American people was roused to fever heat by this outrage.

Napoleon about this time closed the ports of France to American vessels, and the French men-of-war undertook to stop

our merchantmen at sea and take from them what they desired, and, as the English were taking our seamen at the same time, the condition of our merchant marine became unbearable.

The navy of the United States at that period consisted of five frigates, one corvette, two sloops-of-war, three brigs, four schooners, and two bomb ketches. It seemed like madness to challenge the vast fleet of Great Britain yet we did and we won four well-fought engagements with British war vessels the first year. The "Constitution" captured the "Guerrière," the "Wasp" captured the "Frolic," the "United States" compelled the "Macedonian" to strike her colours, and the "Constitution" finished the glorious record of the year by destroying the "Java" off the coast of Brazil.

In 1813 Perry won the battle of Lake Erie and sent his celebrated message to the President: "We have met the enemy and they are ours."

But this success could not continue; our navy was too greatly outnumbered. By October, 1813, we did not have a single ship to protect our seacoast. The "President" and "Essex" were far away at sea and the other craft that had not been captured were blockaded at Norfolk and at other parts.

The war was continued by our privateers. Over three hundred prizes were taken by them during the first year of the war. The "Revenge," "Eagle," "Atlas," "Teazer," "Decatur," "Comet," and a host of others made themselves known and feared and became household words. Their impudence was astounding.

They were modeled for speed and could show a clean pair of heels to the fastest cruisers or fight out of all proportion to their size. They took many risks and many paid the penalty for their rashness, but there were always others to take their places.

By 1814 the privateers swarmed from

the English Channel to the China sea. The *Annual Register* recorded it, as a most mortifying reflection, that with a navy of nearly a thousand ships of different sizes it was not safe for a British vessel to sail from one port of the English Channel to another.

During all this sea fighting the impressed American sailors were lashed and put in irons for refusing to fight against their own countrymen. It was not long before 2500 of these poor fellows were lodged in Dartmoor prison for their obstinacy, and the number was added to by the prisoners of war taken from the captured American vessels.

There were two sloops-of-war belonging to America during the war of 1812 named "Wasp" and they both did great service.

The first "Wasp" left the Delaware on the 13th of October, 1812, commanded by Captain Jones. On the 17th several sails were reported close at hand. Jones stood straight for them and noticed that one of

the vessels was a sloop-of-war that was evidently guarding six sailing craft.

The "Wasp" being to windward swung off to lessen the distance. As the strange brig came nearer she unfurled the Spanish flag, but Jones knew well by the way she was carrying sail that she must be British.

The vessels sailed side by side, nearing one another, and eventually the red-coated marines could be seen on the stranger's deck. When they were close together Captain Jones hailed. Down came the colours of Spain and up went the British Ensign. The fight began at once and in earnest. The American being slightly in advance fell off her course, crossed her enemy's bow, and raked her at close range. The British fire was high and crippled the yards and braces of the "Wasp" so that she could be handled with difficulty. Captain Jones decided to board the Britisher at once and gave orders to wear ship. His vessel answered her helm slowly and, paying off, the vessels collided

and hung together. The "Wasp" let go a broadside which raked the Englishman fore and aft. Jack Long, the boatswain, seized a cutlass and leaped aboard the enemy alone. When the men, leaving the guns, followed him they found him gazing at a lone wounded man at the wheel. The decks had been swept clean of life. On going aft they found two wounded officers who surrendered.

When the two vessels were separated their rigging was so badly damaged that their masts went by the board. While the crew of the "Wasp" was attempting to fit a jury rig on their vessel, after having abandoned the "Frolic," as the Britisher seemed to be in an unseaworthy condition, they spied a sail which proved to be the British seventy-four "Poitiers," which not only retook the "Frolic," but also put a prize crew on the helpless "Wasp" and convoyed them both to Bermuda.

There was trouble for Jack Long for he was recognized as having once been im-

pressed into the English navy and having escaped; he was therefore classed as a deserter. He was put in irons and shipped on a troopship to England and imprisoned at Dartmoor.

He was from Gloucester and had been to sea since a boy. He was twenty-five years old at the time of his second capture by the British, and was as fine a specimen of a New England fisherman as one could see, standing six feet one and weighing two hundred pounds of clean bone and muscle. He was celebrated as the best rough and tumble fighter in Gloucester-town and the hero of many a bout.

Dartmoor prison was situated in the county of Devon, fifteen miles northeast of Plymouth, in an uneven, barren country seventeen hundred feet above the level of the sea and separated from mankind by miles of granite and black bog. It consisted of seven prisons each calculated to contain fifteen hundred prisoners who were

guarded by two thousand militia and two companies of royal artillery.

The prisons were of stone and surrounded by two circular walls, the outer one measuring one mile in circumference and enclosing an area of fifty acres. Upon the inner wall were military walks for sentinels which were hung with bells on wires and flanked by guardhouses on the north, east, and south sides.

There were three separate yards which communicated with each other through a passage one hundred and twenty feet long and twenty feet broad, guarded by iron bars and closed by numerous iron gates.

Opposite this passage was the market square capable of containing five thousand people. The market was open every day except Sunday from eleven to two and the country people came with fuel, vegetables, poultry, butter, and smuggled spirits and tobacco to trade with the prisoners.

At sunset at a given signal the prisoners were obliged to retire to their quarters

where they were locked up until the following morning.

The prison had been built during the Napoleonic wars for French prisoners and to them were now added the American maritime prisoners and impressed seamen who refused to bear arms against their country.

When Jack Long reached Dartmoor he found five thousand prisoners there and a motley crew they were.

The industrious prisoners were allowed to work at plaiting straw and picking oakum, and in this way could earn sixpence a day which they spent in the market, for the prison fare was scant and poor.

As was to be expected in such a medley of soldiers and seafaring men the prison was infested by a gang of lazy ruffians who would not work and who preyed on their more industrious fellows and insisted upon being supplied by them with grog and tobacco. They had improvised a fife and drum corps with which, after carousing,

they would parade through the prison yards to the annoyance of their working mates.

Jack Long went to work picking oakum, for having lived an active life he found the time passed slowly without employment.

One afternoon as he was sitting on his little bench hard at work he heard the discordant music of the fife and drum approaching and was surprised to see all the workers jump up and, removing their benches, stand by the wall to allow the drunken procession to pass. He never moved and was tumbled over and his bench kicked to one side by the leader of the gang, a giant of a man with a brutal face. Jack jumped to his feet and rushed at his assailant but a dozen strong arms held them apart.

The bully was a renegade Irish-American named Short who had been at Dartmoor for two years and well knew the customs of the place. No quarrels were allowed among the prisoners, but they were per-

mitted to settle their grievances according to the London Prize Ring rules, for prize fighting was in great vogue at the time.

The bully's remarks, accompanied by the unprintable seafaring epithets of the day, were: "My name is Short and short work will I make of you, my hearty." To which Jack replied, "Short work is it—you will find it a Long battle in more ways than one, you big bully."

It was at once arranged that they were to meet in the early morning and settle the matter according to custom. The news soon spread and Jack Long met with much sympathy, for Short had defeated all comers in the ring since he had been at Dartmoor and his bad reputation was so well known that the prisoners all feared him. Jack told them not to worry and assured them that he had never been downed in a rough and tumble fight and that he had no fears.

After making his arrangements for the

meeting he slept soundly, undisturbed by what might happen on the morrow.

They met the following morning, in the ring prepared in the market-place, attended by a vast number of prisoners as well as soldiers, whose scarlet uniforms along the top of the inner wall made a frame to the picture.

The seconds and bottle holders were fellow prisoners but the referee was a sergeant of the guard, a lover of the manly art of self-defense.

When the men entered the ring it was seen that Short had at least twenty-five pounds the best of the weight. From the waist up he looked like a very Hercules, but from the waist down he showed disproportions, for the two years he had been confined at Dartmoor had not improved his condition, but no disproportion was sufficient to mar the perfection of the development of the upper part of his body. He wore a belt of light green for his colours.

When Jack Long stepped into the ring

his belt of red, white and blue encircled a trunk devoid of everything but bone and muscle, and as he stripped and showed his clear, clean skin he was greeted by the cheers of those who recognized the athlete in fighting condition.

That Short was out for blood was shown as the men jumped to the center of the ring, for he was the aggressor.

Round 1

As if transformed Short sprang forward and banged at Long's chin with his left. Without losing an instant Long dropped his head forward and to the right and shot out his left at Short's jaw. Both blows missed. Long grabbed his man by both shoulders, backheeled him and threw him. The whole thing was done so quickly that the spectators hardly realized that the battle had begun. The round lasted just five seconds. Short looked much astonished as he retired to his corner.

Round 2

Long came forward with a confident look on his face and Short looked puzzled. The men eyed each other for a couple of seconds and Short led with his left for Long's ribs, but was neatly countered. They clinched, Short securing an underhold but breaking away to save himself. They sparred for a few seconds when Short clinched, cross-buttocked his man, and threw him. Time thirty seconds.

Round 3

Short started in to hug his opponent as soon as time was called, being evidently distressed from the exertions of the last round. Long unwrapped his arm, pushed him away, sparred for just one second, and then knocked Short down with a blow on the cheek. Time thirty seconds.

Round 4

This was short and sweet. Although the giant seemed tired he stuck to his work and managed to end the round with much

credit to himself for he threw Long fairly and squarely. Time five seconds.

Round 5

There was a little fiddling and then Long drove his left straight into Short's jaw. A clinch, a breakaway, and Jack made another lead but missed. This was followed by rushing tactics on the part of both fighters. It was give and take on both sides. Short then kept out of the way and it became a walking match instead of a fight as the big man refused to face his opponent. At last they clinched, Long falling heavily on his antagonist. Time ten minutes.

The fight went on for twenty rounds. First one and then the other seemed to have the best of it, but condition began to tell and Short, being distressed, would fall from the slightest touch to save punishment.

In the twenty-sixth round Short retreated all around the ring but Long fol-

lowed him up closely, caught him as he was turning and off his balance, and struck him on the corner of the jaw with a right hand blow straight from the shoulder which knocked him down and out for, failing to rise, the second threw up the sponge.

The result was most popular, for the bully that all had feared had been fairly beaten by a better man. Long was carried about the marketplace and from prison yard to prison yard accompanied by the fife and drum corps and cheered by his admirers, and even the boon companions of the defeated bully were anxious to make friends with the new champion.

He remained the champion of the prison until the following year, when, being in the good conduct squad, he was exchanged with others for some British prisoners of war and returned to Gloucester and the more peaceful life of New England.